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Judge

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LEAP YEAR AGAIN!

BELLE BUTLER (a giddy thing)—"Be still, my poor fluttering little heart! I must Pop the Question again—This is my last chance!"



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President W. J. ARKELL
Art Department BERNHARD GILLIAM
Editor I. M. GREGORY

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THE MODERN CHURCH and priest—The bench and the bar.

TO LADY GUMBOIL—Going to lead him around by a string, dear?

SPEAKING OF Jacob Sharp, the law mustn't play with edged tools.

THE PRESIDENT on the message—"Ho-hum! I wish I hadn't done it."

THE QUESTION is not whether Lamar is guilty, but whether the guilt is outlawed.

IF CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW isn't called in at the judgment to make a speech it won't be much of a judgment.

TAMMANY TAKING a New England dinner seems like St. Patrick celebrating a tory government.

SOME OF OUR DAILIES ought to call themselves the *Evening Ochiltree* and the *Morning Jerome*.

THE TOWN of Weeping Water was perhaps so named in anticipation of the burning-up it underwent the other day.

IT IS FREQUENTLY the fortune of the JUDGE to have the friendship of an ass; but, bless the ass! what an excellent ass it is.

NO MAN claims immunity from criticism except the man on the bench; yet he is a mere man, and is sometimes a very corrupt one.

LITTLE PRINCE WILLIAM mustn't swing his sword too much. He may cut Herr Bismarck's shins, and then he'll get his ears boxed.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is grieved that his interview with our Sullivan was reported in the newspapers; and as for John he has probably wept his eyes out.

ONE READS the free-trade arguments of the *Evening Post* with much temerity, and closes the suffering by wondering what in heaven's name the man did it for.

THE COUNTRY was pretty safe during the holiday season, but congress is to go into the long session now.

A BRIEF CONFERENCE with the *Sun* obliges us to believe that J. Pulitzer was the man who killed Benjamin Nathan.

THIRTEEN MILLIONS a month in taxes for which the government has no possible use is robbery of the people for which there can be no Democratic apology.

YOUR BOY of New York makes the most of a little snow. We saw one last week who found a section of the steel shoe of a sleigh and tried to ride down hill on it.

IT WAS GOOD to see Tammany enjoy itself over the victory of the other Democrats the other night. It was like the happiness of the

man who nourished a bruise from the knock of a more distinguished person, and hoped by coddling it to make it grow.

SOME DAY we may see the statement "Another duke gone right," but not in this world.

WE DO NOT suppose that David B. Hill has the remotest idea of reaching the white house; but at the same time there are cross-lots that lead no man knows whither or which.

"OH, LORD," said Mr. Dana on Christmas morning, "bless us all, without a single exception. H'm! excuse me. Addenda and post-script—With the exception of Joseph Pulitzer."

PROTECTION.

The fight of 1888 is on. It is the fight of the American against foreign invasion. It is home industry against unfair foreign competition. It is a resumption of Mr. Seward's order to Louis Napoleon to abandon Mexico. It is on one side a proclamation, as a matter of protection, to cease work on the Panama canal. It is on that side a declaration of the rights of good labor against the importation of cheap and inferior labor. It is a platform against King George in new words but in the old form. It declares for and against the continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the river with the northernmost altitude and the longest name in Maine. It is the labor and the man and the family at home against those in other lands. This is a pretty big continent.

It is broad enough and has resources enough to take care of itself. It has gold, silver, iron, and enough of all the metals; it has grain enough, money enough, enterprise and brains enough, to be rich and happy if there were not another continent across the ocean or in that part of the universe which has yet to be revealed. It is a great task to reconcile the peoples of this continent one to another, inside of and outside of that portion of it which is called the United States. It would be great political business to bring back the old feeling between sections of the latter so that the only questions would be those of mutual benefit and there would be no solidarity, north against south or south against north, which did not involve the whole. There is nothing for sections half so good as that which belongs of right to the union. There is nothing in the union which ought not to take in the continent. James Monroe was a far-seeing man, and James G. Blaine is the ablest, wisest, safest, livest man of his period. The union of the states is large enough. We don't want to take in so little as the island of Cuba except at the island's positive demand. But protection—what is it, or rather what is it not? A common protective agreement between these states means an abandonment of all sectional and



AT THE MERCY OF THE COURT.

JUDGE—"Well, officer, what is your charge?"
OFFICER RYAN—"Charge, yer honor? This Dootchman's afther violatin' the excoise law by intoirely chlosin' his lager-beer saloon an Soonday."
JUDGE—"This is a grave offense, prisoner, indeed, and I shall have to commit you to the island for six months."

all small politics; and an understanding between these states and those of South America means a compact which, regardless of such small matter as coast defence, would make a Gibraltar of every forty yards of coast from this port to the gulf.

JOHN SHERMAN is right. No man is so exalted that he can afford to refuse the presidency of the United States. An honest, plain-spoken, open-faced man is John Sherman, and if he doesn't see what he wants he is not ashamed to ask for it.

MATRIMONIAL ROMANCE.

It is the habit of young girls in Washington and some other places just now to get themselves engaged to young men whom they do not love, so that they may have the romance of elopement with young men whom they do. The parents take care of the engagements and the girls do the rest of the business and are happy; but it is extremely chilly for the parties who are left. After all, however,



AT A HARVARD ASSEMBLY.

ELLICOTT, '89—"Don't look now, Miss Laker; but here comes our pet quarter-back."
 MISS LAKER (of Duluth, who never played football, dresses modestly, and thinks her partner is referring to the approaching lady)—"If that's only a quarter of it she must have an awfully long back, Mr. Ellicott."

this little story is as old as the hills, and it merely shows that girls are girls just the same as their mothers used to be.

THE LAW costs a thousand times more than the church, is created largely for the execution of injustice, and is hedged about with a divinity greater than that claimed by any king.

EVERY PROHIBITIONIST is wished a merry Christmas by the *Pioneer*. Nobody knows what such men can do with such a thing as that. They must either throw it away or carry it around like a dead weight.

DANIEL MANNING.

The JUDGE gives its tribute to Daniel Manning with no stinginess of compliment and regret. He was a great politician, and that is to say that he was a great statesman. No meagre mugwump judgment ought to be permitted where it is the very essence of citizenship to be a politician, small or large. He was the peer of Thurlow Weed, who was a broader statesman, and at the same time a man less given to the cultivation of self, than any president, with just one exception. All the power of gift which such men have is conferred upon other and generally smaller men, and is given with the unconsciousness of generosity that belongs to the prince. And what a ladder to greatness that is which runs from the office-boy to the editor and banker, from that to the maker of presidents, and from that to a splendid administration of the greatest position in the national cabinet.

THE NEXT TIME there

is a big raft of logs it should be so arranged that it may go by the overland route.

IT IS A HABIT of the knights of labor to pull the trigger and then reach out to withdraw the charge.

MR. WHITTIER got more than 500 congratulatory letters on his eightieth birthday. It was a great triumph; yet how much better it would have been if he might have got them just now on his fortieth.

THE LATER ESTHETICISM.

This world is apparently to be devoted principally to slugging hereafter. That is the chief article of news and largely the topic of the magazines. Is it a natural result of the union between Boston and Sullivan? Every English lord and every English household discuss slugging. The editorial of the period is devoted to it. The talk is weighted with it. The sermon is handicapped by it. Is this progress? Would it not have been as well to continue to confine public attention to Buffalo Bill and the quarrels of the actors?

STAND BY THAT STAMP!

The green stamp is a triumph of civilization. From its conception to its completion it is good. Its color is healthy to the eye, and the picture of George is admirably presented as to both color and engraving. The green stamp has come to stay. It is a great and good stamp. It has never been surpassed. Keep the green stamp in.



THE CONSEQUENCES OF TEMERITY.

UNCLE BILIDAB (who has unwisely sampled the side dish of Roquefort cheese)—"By gum! That butter ain't in no trance!"

HUM OF THE COURT.

It is the opinion of the Rochester *Post-Express* that delicate sympathy is the tact of the soul.

The difference between Chicago and Utah is that Chicago doesn't assume that its bigamy is right.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde says her husband is not henpecked, but she dare not say that he ought not to be.

"Utah is at the door," says an exchange. Yes; and in just the right position to be kicked out of it.

A prohibitionist, according to the *Nebraska State Journal*, is a man who goes in through the side door.

It is thought that Mrs. Gumboil will have to put a collar around his grace's neck and lead him just as if he belonged to the other kind.

Those papers which complain of the blockading of the side-walks have never thought of the crowds attracted by their bulletin-boards, have they?

Kosterville, N. Y., has a haunted boarding-house. The spooks are supposed to be those of some starved boarders and they are believed to be hunting around for something to eat.

It is a wise remark of the Oil City *Derrick* that Parsons and Spies are better men than Most because they are buried.

There should be some way to make the bills due in January run



THOSE TERRIBLE GREAT VASES.

VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS—"Excuse me, Miss Lacer, but while I was looking at your bric-a-brac the chair slipped and I cawn't get out!"

to July without interest—July, let us say, of the following year.

The *Texas Clarion* says nobody ever saw a left-handed idiot or a bald-headed fool. Thus the great new questions begin with the beginning of the year.

Grover Cleveland looked for a second term, but there was a hole in the toe of his stocking big enough to let out both the second and the third.

We don't know about a green Christmas, but the *Sun* thinks a green postage-stamp enlarges the stock of denunciatory adjectives.

St. John of Kansas says he is not a natural-born fool; so we suppose he has acquired whatever he has of that nature.

Mark the Englishman who claims a title. See if he demonstrates his right to it by making himself conspicuous at every prize-fight.

If a doctor persistently attaches M. D. to his signature, why should not a shoemaker attach S. M. to his? However, the shoemaker is not so foolish.

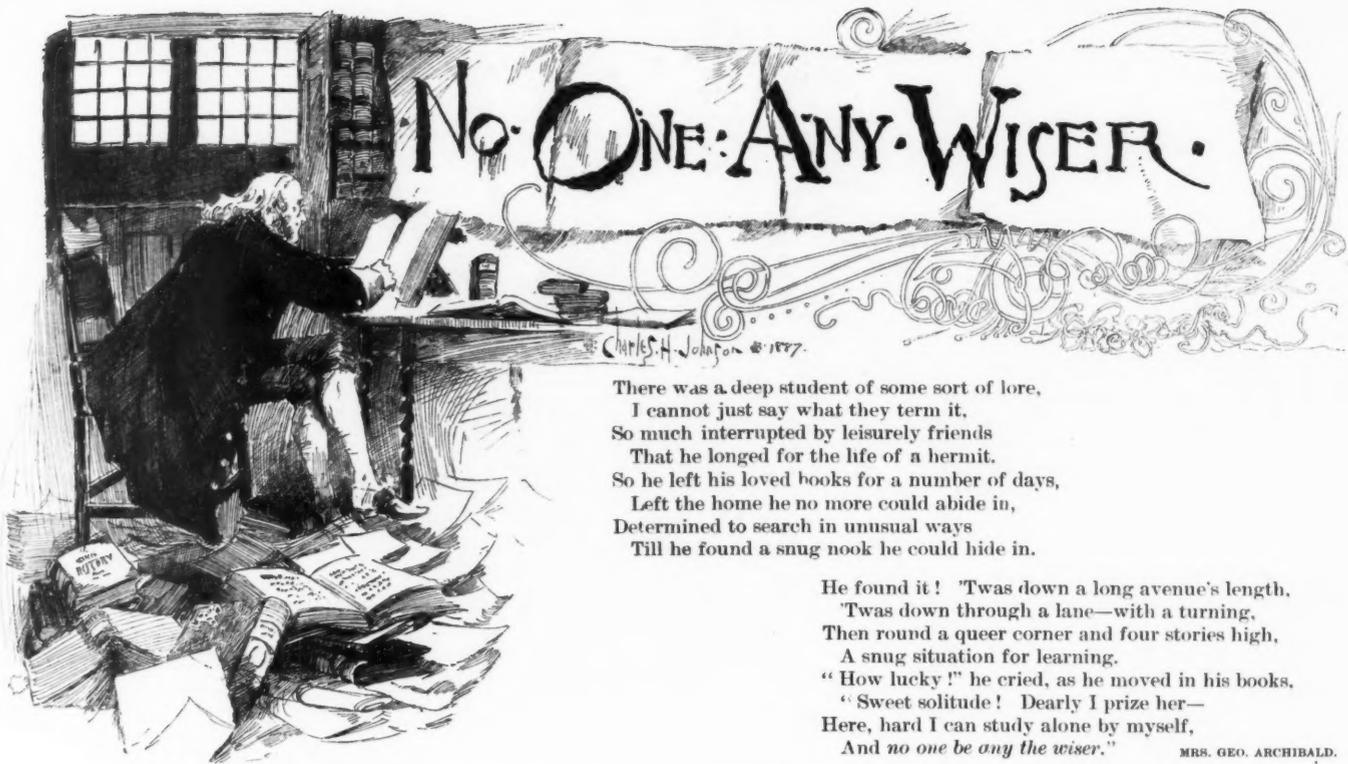
Directly after the great Rochester explosion Buffalo tried to get up one too, but the noise was about like the peep of a chicken and couldn't be heard at Black Rock.

We feel authorized to say that Tecumseh Sherman will until the close of the year consider every girl under the mistletoe and treat her accordingly.



COLL AND CLAMMY CONGRATULATIONS.

MRS. SACKVILLE—"Why, how do you do, my dear Mrs. Cudley? Delighted to see you. Shopping, of course?"
 MRS. CUDLEY—"Just a little. You know Mr. Cudley has been a little unfortunate in his business lately." (He failed for half a million.)
 MRS. SACKVILLE—"I know, but how much more you must appreciate things when you have to pay cash."



There was a deep student of some sort of lore,
I cannot just say what they term it,
So much interrupted by leisurely friends
That he longed for the life of a hermit.
So he left his loved books for a number of days,
Left the home he no more could abide in,
Determined to search in unusual ways
Till he found a snug nook he could hide in.

He found it! 'Twas down a long avenue's length,
'Twas down through a lane—with a turning,
Then round a queer corner and four stories high,
A snug situation for learning.
"How lucky!" he cried, as he moved in his books,
"Sweet solitude! Dearly I prize her—
Here, hard I can study alone by myself,
And no one be any the wiser."

MRS. GEO. ARCHIBALD.

THE TRIALS OF A SPORTING MAN.

What Jones calls hunting accidents.

"Do you know," he said the other day to a friend of his, "do you know that Brown met with an accident while out the other day?"
"Yes, I can guess—his gun kicked?"
"No; his boots were too tight."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

"That's what I call ingenious," said Merritt as he sharpened the end of a match and used it as a toothpick.
"Any one can do that," returned Cobwigger. "The difficult thing to do is to make a match out of a toothpick."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

"Yes," he said, "we traveling men never know much about home comforts. We are here to-day and there to-morrow."
"Er—and where do you expect to be day after to-morrow, Mr. Cheek?"

AN UNREASONABLE FAIR ONE.

Jones is wildly in love with a girl who does not reciprocate his affection.
"Why don't you marry?" asked one of his friends, the other day, who was ignorant of the real state of affairs; "you who are so fond of children?"
"So I am," was the disconsolate reply, "but it's their mother who won't have me."

A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT.

Professor at Vassar (to class)—"Now, who can tell me the most wonderful achievement of the nineteenth century? Miss Morris, I see your hand raised."

Miss Morris (proudly)—
"My sister Nellie has taught her pug dog Thistle to chew gum."

PROOF OF INEXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Bagley—"I let Mary go to-day, John."
Mr. Bagley—"Why, I thought you said you had gained a prize in her?"
Mrs. Bagley—"Well, I did think so, but I came to the conclusion this morning that she hadn't had any experience in house work."
Mr. Bagley—"How so?"
Mrs. Bagley—"Why, she actually tried to put the cases on the pillows without holding the pillows by her teeth."

AN AMBIGUOUS COMPLIMENT.

"If you use my mixture once," said a patent medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other."
"No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."

MAL APROPOS.

Jones attended a wedding the other day where the groom was an infantry officer.
"One of the best branches of the service," he remarked as he congratulated the bride; "deaths are so frequent that advancement is certain and rapid."



HELPING HIM UP.

Little Deering has me! that magnificent great Gorton girl at Goupil's.
ATTENDANT (with a quiet wink and a noisy whisper)—"I'll lind yez the loan av this packin'-case to shtand on fer a quarther, sor!"

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

SEE the snow-flakes swiftly flying,
Hear the children gladly crying,
Cheering, yelling, in the street,
See the people, laughing, gying,
Greet the storm with gay defying;
Each his level best is trying
To keep his feet.

Merry visions, jingling sleigh-bells,
Each white fairy in its way tells
Of King Winter and his train.
Rushing, crushing, slipping, sliding,
Cheerful jest or cranky chiding,
Reckless, careless, law-abiding,
And some insane.

So, I watch the maidens winsome,
And I wish I had an income
Flowing in from watered stock.
But I take it out in sighing,
For I see no use in crying;
Ah! December days are trying,
My coat's in hock.

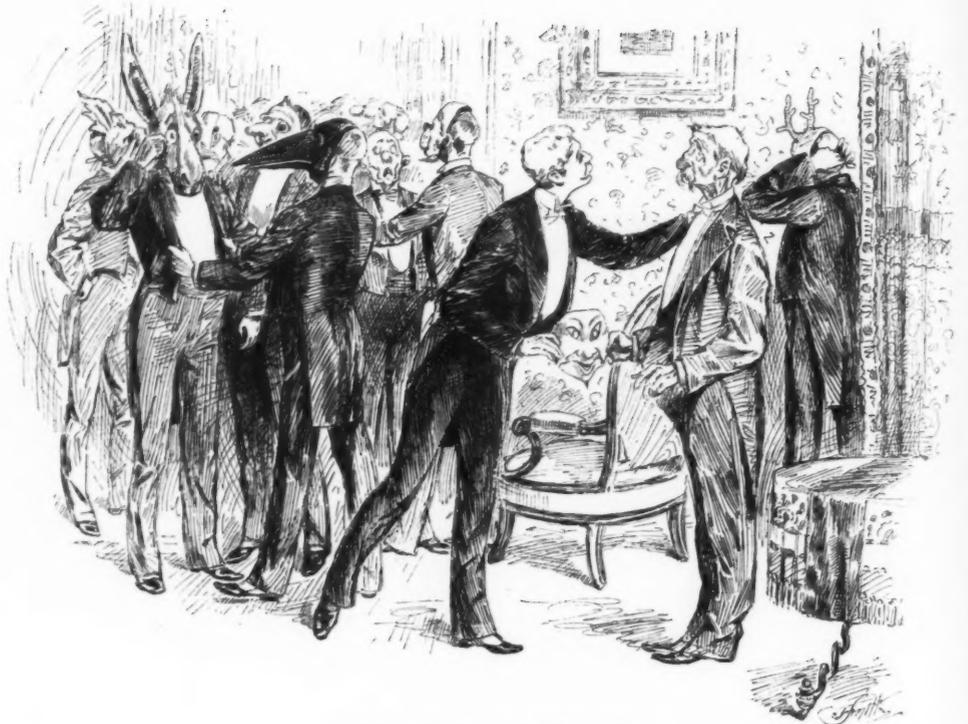
PEARL EYTINGER.

IT OUGHT TO TAKE WELL.

Portly gentleman—"Bless my soul!
What is this great crowd about?"

Bystander—"A deaf mute has just
opened a barber shop, and those men are
trying to be 'next.'"

Portly gentleman—"Bless my soul!
I think I need a shave myself."



DOUBLE-RIVET, COPPER-FASTENED CHEEK.

CARRINGTON (in the ante-room just before the masque figure in the german)—"Let me have this, won't you, Fibbs, old boy? It's the last one, and you're so well fixed naturally, don't you know?"



A HEAVY LOAD.

LUSH—"Gosh—hie—12 o'clock. Guess 'll go 'ne."
YOUNG AMERICA (in the back-ground)—"Say, boss, drop in a nickle and weigh yer load."

THE DONNELLYOLIAN CORRECTION.

WHEN the gay and gory Bluebeard of the legend of
our youth

Met his fate at hands of brothers brave and staunch,
The newspapers reported that he yielded up the ghost
As a sequence to a sword-thrust through his paunch.

But an old and crumpled parchment which has come
to light at last

Puts a different construction on the deed.
It says the angry kinsman of fair Fatima preferred
To cause the wretch to starve instead of bleed;

And that, in strict accordance with their plan as
named above,

They chained him to the flag-staff on the tower:
Where, bleaching in the breezes, while the wind blows
through his whisk's,

He is spoken of as "Blew beard" to this hour.

J. S. G.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

First Bostonian—"I see that Sullivan has
met the prince of Wales."

Second Bostonian—"Is that so! Which
whipped?"

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

De man dat stan's still loses groun'.

Dar's mo' fun in seein' dan in bein' an acrobat.

Nebbah take a man's charactah f'om 'is nex' do' nabah

A great man's faults am allus looked at wid magnifyin'
glasses.

Ev'ry lap-dog I see makes me t'ink dar shud be a divis-
ion ob de chillen.

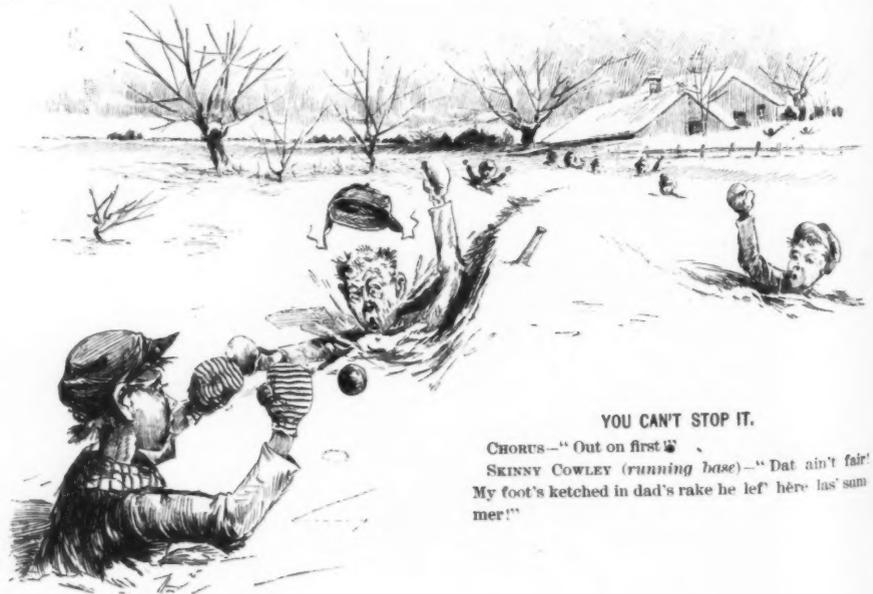
Some men are ez blin' toe causes ez de dog dat worries
an' bites de club dat hit 'im.

W'en yo' hiah a man to lie fo' yo' doan' fawgit dat de
oddah pahty int'rested may offah 'im mo' money.

'Sample am bettah en advice. De man dat says "Look
befo' yo' leap," an' hisse'f falls intoe de fus ditch in 'is road,
nebbah gits a laage awjince toe preach toe.

De fac' dat yo' heah to-day dat Julius Cæsar' am in de
lock-up fo' stealin' chickens doan' haam de repytashun ob de
rig'nal Julius. Hit on'y calls 'tenshun toe de foolishness ob
de parents ob de chicken t'ef in supposin' folks 'd fawgit dat
de rig'nal Cæsar' war dead.

J. A. WALDRON.



YOU CAN'T STOP IT.

CHORUS—"Out on first"
SKINNY COWLEY (running base)—"Dat ain't fair!
My foot's ketched in dad's rake he lef' here las' sum-
mer!"



WITH countenance forlorn,
With limbs as heavy as lead,
A woman sat in a jolting car,
Holding her aching head.
Drip, drip, drip,
Fell a puddle of watery dirt,
As in a low voice, with quivering lip,
She sang the song of the skirt.

Drip, drip, drip,
In spite of a waterproof:
Drip, drip, drip,
While the stars shine on the roof.
It's oh to live in the air
Where the prickly pineapple grows,
And a woman has never a dress to wear,
If these are Christian clothes.

Oh! but for one short hour
To smile as they used to smile,
When décolleté was never *au fait*,

And kirtles were latest style;
A little freedom would ease my limbs,
But in a narrow press
They're closely tied, for a masculine stride
Might tear the folds of my dress.

Drag, drag, drag,
In the dull December light,
And drag, drag, drag
When the weather is warm and bright:
Band and bustle and seam,
Seam and bustle and band,
I cautiously shift or try to lift
As well as I can with one hand.

And why do I talk of art?
Of Venus de Medici?
In my wildest dreams she scarcely seems
To look anything like me.
She looks unlike to me
Because of the clothes I wear;
Ah, why is gold so plentiful
And tasteful dress so rare?

Hitch, hitch, hitch:
I tug, I pull, I tie;
And what are my wages? a hump on my back!
Invariably awry:
Discomfort dire whene'er I retire
To the depths of a deep arm-chair,
And a queer outline that makes me pine
When my shadow I see anywhere.

With countenance forlorn,
With limbs as heavy as lead,
The woman got out of the jolting car,
Hanging her aching head.
Switch, switch, switch,
Right into a pile of dirt,
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the song of the skirt.

ENOUGH TO SCARE HIM.

"What has given you food for such earnest reflection, my young friend?" asked the minister at the Sunday-school picnic, meeting little Johnny sitting silently by the roadside.
"I was wondering," replied the penitent young scamp, "whether I had just eaten a mushroom or a toad-stool."

HE OBJECTED.

"You're a tramp printer," said the editor to a man who had been given employment during a strike. "You'd better put on your things and leave."
"Oh, I'll go fast enough," the fellow replied; "but there's one thing I want you to understand—I object to the epithet 'printer.'"



A SUGGESTION.
Why not utilize those cape ulsters instead of hiding the face with those enormous bouquets?"



JUST 12 O'CLOCK.
ARTIST—"Where are you going to take dinner?"
AUTHOR—"Oh, I'm not particular. Wherever you do."
ARTIST—"Well, I was going to take it with you."

A LONG MEMORY.

Conversation between a traveler and a lad of six or seven:
"Your grandfather there seems very old. Do you know what his age is?"
"No, sir; I couldn't exactly say, sir; but I'm sure he can't be very young. He's always been about the house as long as I can remember."

A DIRE WARNING.

Cease all foibles, stop your capers,
Humbly bow before the fates;
Jam her bustle full of papers,
She is trying on her skates.

TRAVELERS' TALES.

"Fine country, Egypt?" remarked one of two friends from the south of France; "why, one day near, the pyramids, our eggs were actually cooked in the sun."
"Oh, that's nothing compared with Zanzibar," replied the other; "there it's dangerous to leave them exposed even to the moonlight."



JOHN BULL FINES
John Bull—"Ah! This is the Moses that will open the American and

Jude



L. FINDS HIS MOSES.
 America Land of Milk and Honey, to the products of my Pauper Labor!"

SACKETT & WILHELMUS PHOTO. CO. 45-51 ROSE ST. N.Y.



The Blue Pencil Club

SILENCE was scarcely restored after the arctics of the president had dropped into the woodbox before he remarked, "I have here a communication from Sidney Bostick, the poet laureate of the club."

MONTREAL, NOV. 8, 1887.

Brethren of the Mystic Neck-tie:

With my hands metaphorically reeking with a comrade's blood I fled toward the depot on that fatal day. I met a rude peasant of the hamlet and asked the way to Canada. "Follow your mouth," says he. "Suppose it is running," says I. "Then follow it till it drops," says he. "That is not a dry joke," says I. "'Tis not," says he. This was badinage or youth, either. I bought a ticket for Montreal. The American colony at that imperial city is a generous body. They remind me of the old nobility of France in London in 1798. They are waiting for the reign of terror to blow over. Then they will go back to their ancestral haunts, in New York city. They keep a reception committee at the depot at all hours to welcome the American exile. They can tell by his countenance and baggage whether he has come up to stay and see the ice palace or whether he skipped over the line between two days so as to save time. They got onto me instantly and offered to show me what bank to put my funds in, and where the best hotel was, and take my name into the Exile's club, an American institution at present very popular here. The climate has not changed my complexion. I kept dark. The club room is nicely draped with American flags, and the walls covered with railway maps. A nice old gentleman with a large seal ring and seal overcoat wanted to know what my line of business was, banks or municipal contracts or aldermanic. I was reticent. A youth in a plaid suit wanted to know if I had suffered from enlargement of the ear, and when I put my hand up to my head playfully said he meant cashier. A partly prosperous old gent said he was glad to see that however affliction had marked me for her own I had not lost my grip. I told him I was not easily rattled and then he sportively kicked my valise, and said he referred to that, and told me to lock it up in the safe. They all seemed to be off the same piece, and a good ways off too. The president of the club took me up forward and introduced me to my countrymen. Then he made a neat speech. He said we would not always be exiles. A general amnesty would soon have to be proclaimed by the United States in order to get back currency enough to do business with. What with the surplus at Washington and the surplus in Canada he could not wonder at the balance of trade going against us. He seemed to be a good financier. In fact they all seemed to be financiers. Then they sang the opening ode, called

THE AMERICAN EXILE'S LAMENT.

2-forte on the planks.



- 1. Note 1. The bars in this music are not so close together as the exiles are accustomed to singing behind.
- 2. We have put in no repeat marks, as they were all repeaters in New York.
- 3. Dim inuendos are too thin. Plain talk is best.
- 4. Notice the brace. They got that in New York city.

My native land, O fare thee well!
Thy sons now far away
Rise to remark you'll fare as well
If we conclude to stay.

Thy balmy airs that stole along
Thy fields in merry sport,
We long to steal once more among,
We long to steal thee short.

At midnight oft we dream of home,
Sweet fancies thickly throng,
But O for change we did not roam--
We brought the change along.

Thy soft green banks on which we sat,
And sat down heavy too,
Are not so soft nor half so flat
As those we then went through.

Green be thy bowers with beauty fraught
Where sported youthful grace,
But, older grown, as sports we caught
Both bowers and the ace.

Flag of the free, thou emblem fair,
More dear thy crimson grows,
Thy stripes look better far up there
Than worn upon our clothes.

Thy exiled sons cold days may see
In northern haunts of men,
But colder yet the day will be
When we come back again.

Tears poured down every cheek as the song died away on the air, and the president said that if many such runs of emotion were made on the bank of his sympathies he would have to put a card in the window and skip out with the funds. This was received with applause and then the rest of the proceeding were of a social nature. What a society was here, my countrymen! The financial giant of the age. The monarchs of trade. The municipal manipulators of the period. Speaking of contracts, I was reminded of the classic lines,

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
The whole broad universe is ours."

I was exhilarated by my surroundings and some light drinks. I thought of Campbell's sweet words:

"O, sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile.
When defalcation poured on Montreal
Her cashiers, hoodlers, bankers criminal,
Waved their dread gripsacks in the morning fair,
Skipped o'er the line and split the quivering air."

I shall remain here until I am found to be an honest man, and then all interest will die out for me.

SIDNEY BOSTICK.

"Canada," said the president thoughtfully, "reminds me of some people's idea of heaven. A place to go to to spend the boodle hurriedly and dishonestly acquired on earth. Call the janitor to put out the lights."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD.

From a youthful point of view.

"What kind of a looking gentleman is your sister's beau, M. Tommy; is he young?"

"I should say so," replies Master Tommy; "why he hasn't got any hair yet."



"And then he sportively kicked my valise."



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON IN CHICAGO.

MISS LAKEER—"I should think, after the decided jilt I gave him, that Mr. Armor would have too much self-respect to send me a present. It's a pretty little toboggan though, isn't it, papa?"

PAPA—"Toboggan? It looks to me more like a shoe-horn."

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

The Sensation Created by a Japanese Peasant Woman.

A young Japanese peasant woman has created a genuine sensation in the medical circles of the east with a new theory and cure for rheumatism.

Her theory is that it is caused by a small insect under the skin, that gnaws and bites the muscles and thus causes the twinges or pain and the untold misery of that ailment.

A grizzled and skeptical sea captain placed himself under her care and, after foot baths of bran and hot rice brandy, she nipped from his knees small white insects by the dozen!

The regular practitioners were skeptical about this new theory, and put one of the insects under a microscope. They decided that by its organism it never could have lived under the surface of the skin.

The captain insists, however, that the Japanese woman has taken the insects from his knees and ankles by the hundreds, in his sight, and killed them, and that he grows better after each treatment!

This theory, absurd as it seems, is really not much more so than the theories formerly held by the medical fraternity. It used to be thought a trouble of the joints, and was treated as such until it was demonstrated that the treatment brought on lasting results.

Then, as the muscles were effected, it was set down as a muscular disease; but the same unsatisfactory results followed. Now it is universally acknowledged to be a "fiery condition of the blood caused by the presence of uric acid in the system."

To cure it the uric acid must be driven out of the blood, which is done by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition with Warner's safe cure, and "putting out the fire in the blood" by Warner's safe rheumatism cure. These remedies, taken in alternation, as they should be, drive out the uric acid already in the blood, and prevent further accumulation. James Wright, of 37 E. 19th St., New York, was for many years a victim of rheumatism, and tried various remedies and cures without avail. Sept. 8, 1887, he writes in praise of the remedies named, and says: "I am now free from the arrow stings of the dreaded inflammatory rheumatism. I have and always will recommend Warner's rheumatic remedies to all sufferers of the disease."

The Japanese peasant woman's theory will not be likely to stand the test of time and scientific investigation, but the thousands of cures made by the remedies mentioned above prove their merit beyond all question.

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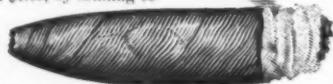
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JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

Erdelyi Naczi—Nice name that for a door-plate on a windy night.

The general opinion appears to be that Mrs. Alice Shaw is a hustler as well as a whistler.

"Wrecked in London" is the name of a new play lately brought out in that city. It is reminiscent. A great many Americans have already experienced four acts of it and walked home.

They have dubbed Henry E. Dixey "his Doughnuts" out in San Francisco. By which, of course, we are given to understand that "Adonis" captured the California cake.

The coolness which sprung up so suddenly between Mrs. Langtry and the prince of Wales was occasioned, as is known, by Mrs. Langtry, in a

SEAL SKIN GARMENTS.



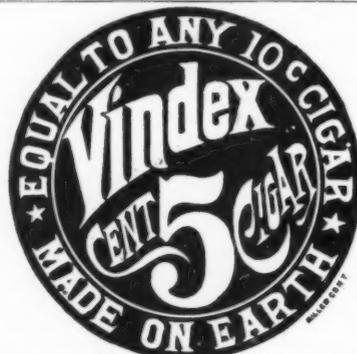
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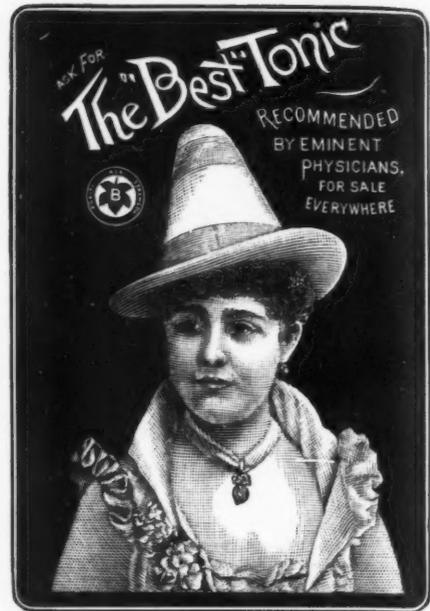
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spirit of playfulness, slipping a piece of ice down the back of his royal highness. The prince, it seems, objected to having his wine *frapped* that way.

Augustin Daly's company go to England in April, opening at the Gaiety theatre, London, May 3rd, in "Nancy & Co."

Wales is overrun with rabbits, and the authorities have recently been advertising in the American papers for a man capable of ridding the country of the animals, offering \$25,000 as a premium. The government committee on how-to-clean-out-rabbits has unintentionally perpetrated a bit of humor, we're afraid. Any man who has managed to get away with one "Welsh rabbit" and lived isn't going to tackle a million or two simply for the sake of catering to the mutual comfort of Wales and his widow.

JUDGE's special recommendations—"In the Fashion" at Wallack's, "Elaine" at the Madison-square, "A Run of Luck" at Niblo's, the Minstrels at Dockstader's, "The Wife" at the Lyceum, the Hanlons at the Fourteenth-street theatre, and "Pete" at the Park.

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By reason of the state of chronic incredulity in which many men pass their lives they miss half the good of this world. They seem to think that doubt and unbelief are proofs of wisdom, and through fear of being deceived reject much that is true and good. To such minds the statement that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a real and proven cure for all diseases cured by torpid liver, bad blood or scrofulous humors carries with it its own condemnation. They do not believe it, apparently, *because* we say so; and yet what more, or less, than this can we do? We know the facts, and if we did not make public the great value of this remedy few would profit by it. We try to do our duty in the matter and it remains for the doubter who needs help to overcome his prejudice and give it a trial.

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The book is profusely illustrated from original sketches. Although the expense has been very great, the Rock Island has concluded to supply "Coal and Coke" at the nominal rate of ten cents (for postage) per copy. Enclose your address plainly written (also ten cents in stamps) to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent at Chicago, Ills., mention this paper and a copy of "Coal and Coke," will be mailed to you, prepaid, to any part of the world.



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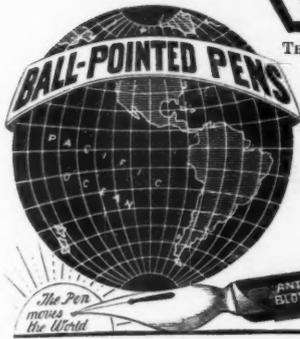
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The Christmas JUDGE is decked out in the most festive attire for the holiday competition, and may be sure of one of the first prizes of public opinion. The pictures in it are capital, the jokes good and unsalted and the whole flavor Christmas-y. It offers also a supplement—a chromo-lithograph of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair"—executed with considerable fidelity. In fact, this number offers a very merry Christmas for 25 cents, and is neatly packed in tubes for sending by post.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.*

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The Christmas JUDGE is an unusually sumptuous number. Politics and civil abuses are for the time laid aside, and the issue is given over to the sentiment and jollity of the yuletide. The cover is a medley of a winter day, a bunch of mistletoe, a church with a Christmas light shining from the window and a fat-cheeked and fur-capped Santa Claus, the outlines merged softly into each other so as to make a harmonious whole. The drawings throughout are of a high order of merit. The periodical has, in fact, secured the best artists in their peculiar field to be had in the metropolis. These gentlemen, after peering away at questions of the day throughout the year and doing good service against all wrongs and abuses in the public service, seem to be glad to let their imaginations run riot in a less perfunctory field. The result is an edition which everyone will want to see and, having seen, will want to put away and keep—for it has a permanent value. JUDGE is a straightout Republican paper, and its keenly satirical and incisive comments in pictures on current political questions will be of peculiar value and interest through the campaign.—*Albany (Ohio) Commercial.*

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